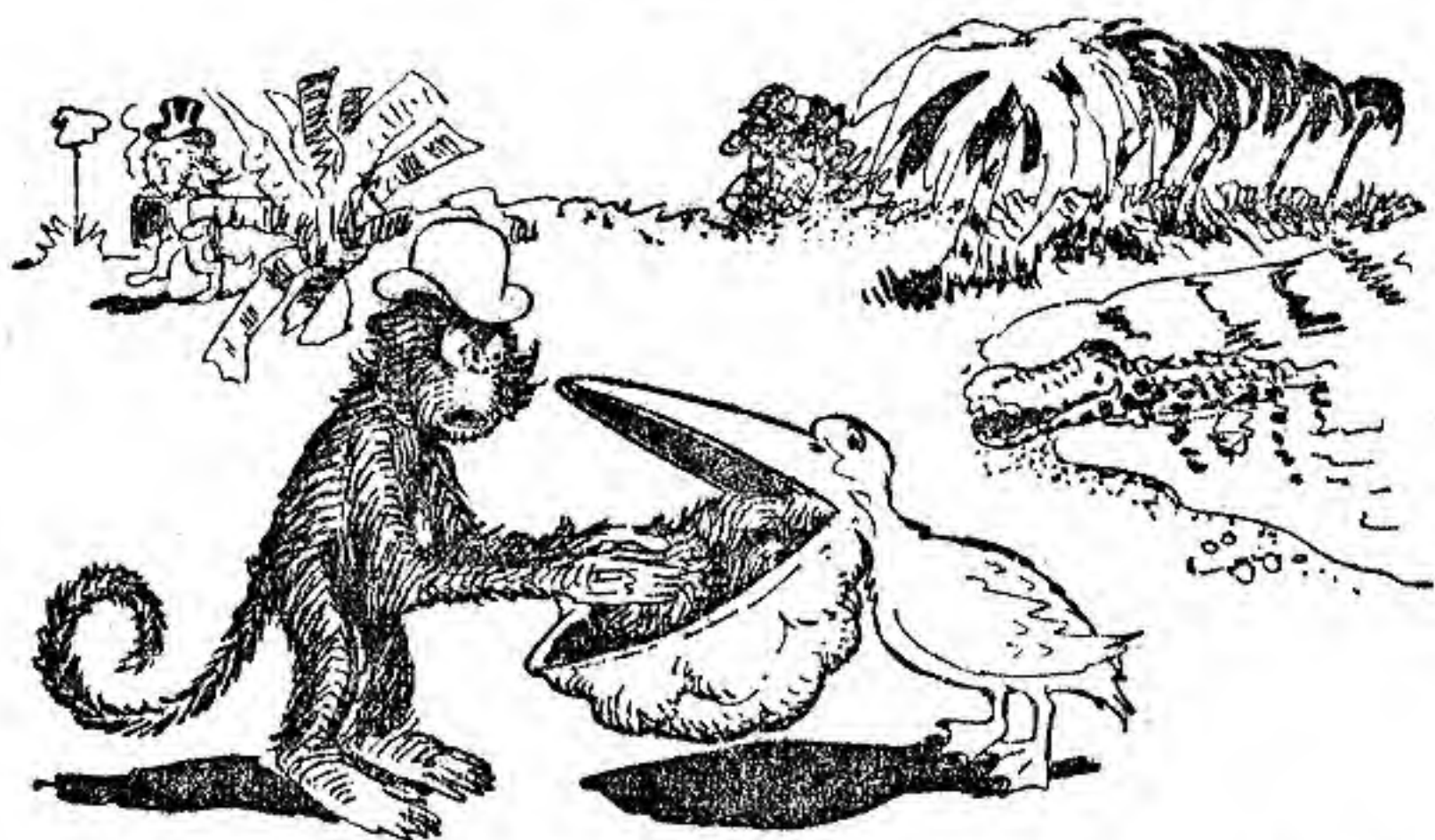


EVEN HERE.



Mr. Chatters—"Here, Pelly, old chap, hold my wealth till the tax assessor has gone by.



"No, Mr. Assessor, I don't possess a single cocoanut. My wealth is all in real estate."

WHEN THE LAUGH SHIFTED.

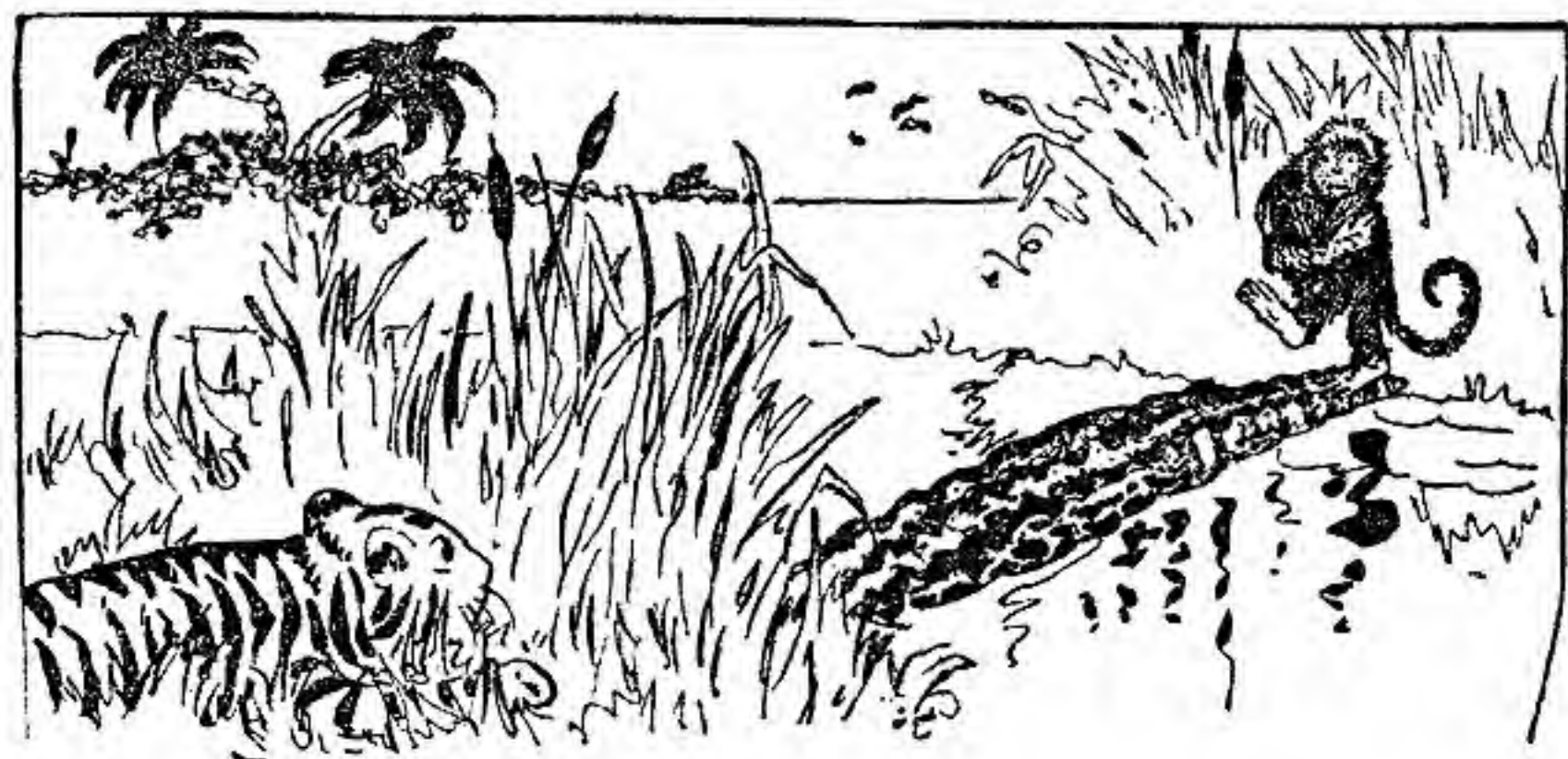


Baboon—"Hullo, Chatters. I hope you'll get your goods moved by May 1, 1904. Sorry I can't wait; good-by."



Chatters—"I'll be back in an hour and move your outfit for fifteen cocoanuts; ta ta, old man!"

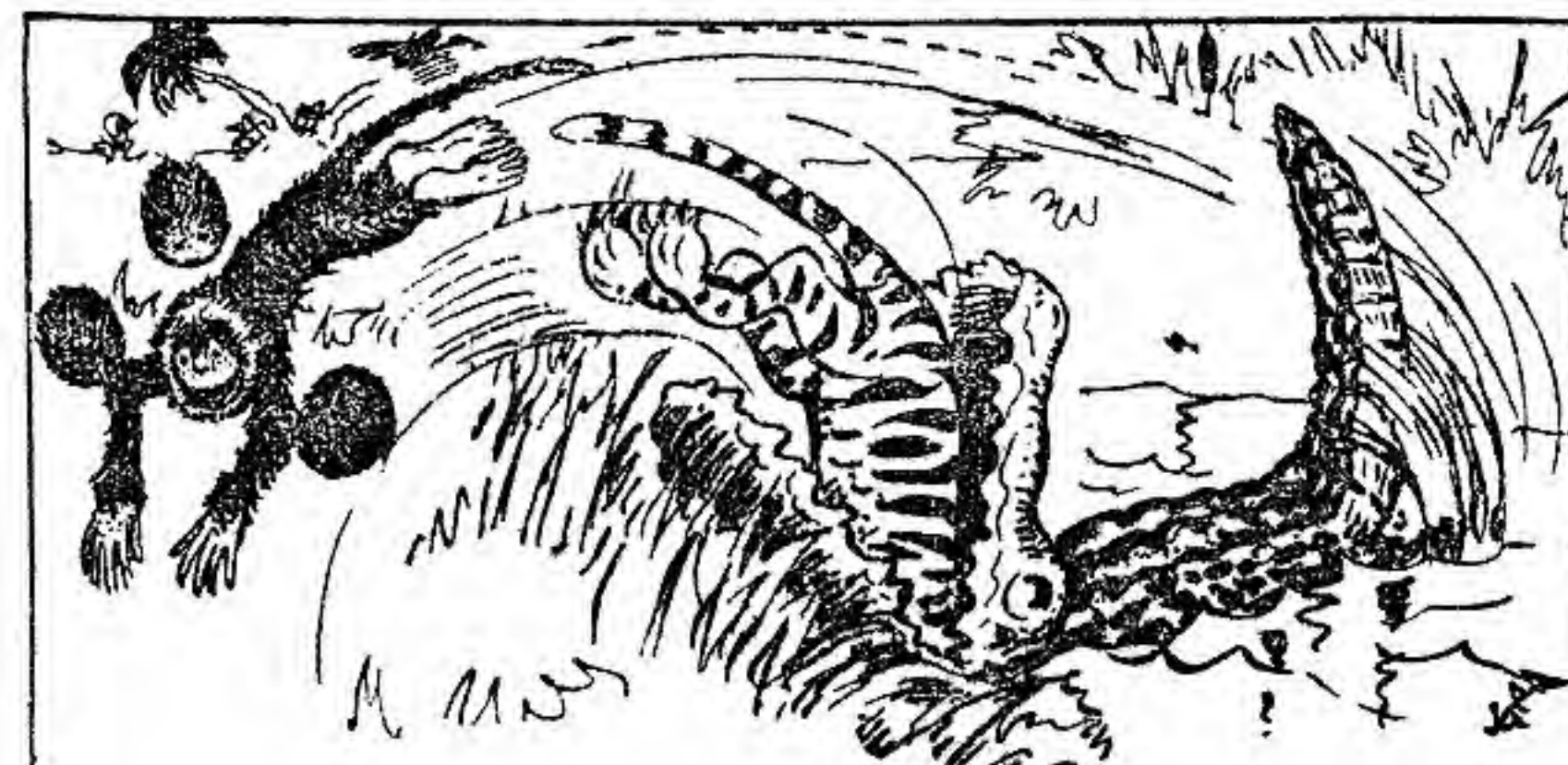
ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY.



Stripes—"There comes one of those impudent monkeys. Guess I'll nab him."

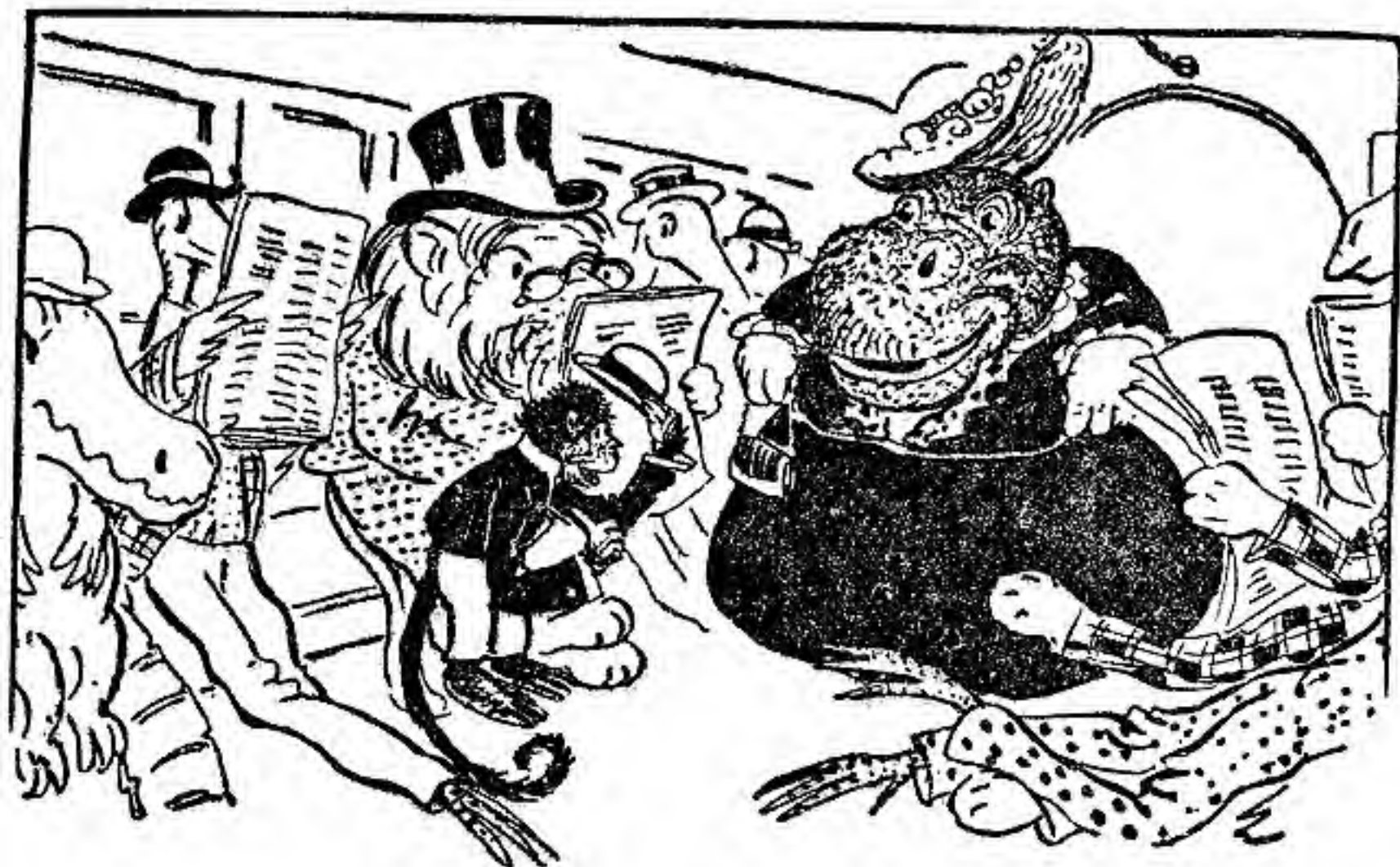


Gator—"Say, Chatters, you're my—"



"Meal ticket!"

POLITENESS.



Mr. Chatters—"Have my seat, Miss Hippo."



Miss Hippo—"Thanks!"